

**GEORGE LUKE:
YOU HAVE TO KIND OF TAKE PRIDE IN IT
FARMING ON THE NEWLANDS PROJECT SINCE 1912
AND COLLECTIN' HEADS**

Interviewee: George Luke

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Description

George Luke was born on July 4, 1899, on the east side of Washoe Lake on his family's ranch. He was raised in Reno and came to the Harmon District near Fallon in 1912. In his oral history, Mr. Luke describes the construction of the Truckee Canal and the Lahontan and Derby dams around 1911. These dams made possible the Newlands Reclamation Project, providing irrigation for area ranches, Mr. Luke's among them. First a dairy farmer, he sold most of his herd when World War II prevented him from getting the ranch hands he needed. Since he was already raising four hundred tons of hay a year, he was convinced by neighbors that he should open a feed lot, which he successfully ran for a number of years. In addition to describing his ranch operations, he describes a number of other large ranches in Churchill County.

Mr. Luke also describes his favorite hobby—collecting Indian arrowheads. His interest began in 1911 when he and a friend found some arrowheads along the north side of the Truckee River in Reno. Accompanied by others, he often trekked through the Harmon District and Grimes Point caves where he was often met by unfriendly rattlesnakes and rats.

Mr. Luke's oral history provides the reader with a clear picture of ranching in Lahontan Valley from 1912 through the 1950s.

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An Oral History Conducted by Sharon L. Edaburn

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Mr. George Luke was born July 4, 1899 on the east side of Washoe Lake at his family ranch. He was raised in Reno and came to Fallon and the Harmon District in 1912. His father, Alfred Edward Luke was born about 1854 in Cornwall, England. Alfred and his two brothers, William John (W.J.) and F.M. "Tom" Luke came to Virginia City in the early 1870's. All three brothers worked with horses as freighters, blacksmiths and trainers. W.J. had a blacksmith's shop and moved to 2223 Rose Terrace in Berkeley, California. "Tom" ran a livery stable and blacksmith shop in Virginia City and when he moved to Pacific Grove, California, in the early 1900's he owned another livery stable. Alfred met and married Isabella Jane Tyrrell in Virginia City in the early 1880's. Mr. Luke's only brother, Alfred E. "Alfie" Luke was born May 29, 1885.

Isabella Jane's father Richard Tyrrell, an Irishman from Manchester, England, and member of the Queen's Guard, came to the United States in the 1850's. He and his wife Isabella started a second hand store in St. Louis. Getting gold fever, he, his young son

George and his wife joined a wagon train and came to California in 1854, settling in Marysville, where Isabella Jane was born in the late 1850's. The Tyrrell's had a road house. They were flooded out twice and moved to Dayton, Nevada, about 1865. Isabella Jane went to school in Dayton and saw much of the Comstock boom. She later told her son Mr. Luke about seeing camels in Dayton being unloaded of their packs of soda and salt.

Grandfather Tyrrell was also a stonemason. He did work in Virginia City and Dayton and traveled to many of the eastern mining camps to help build the mills. His wife died August 15, 1886, at age 62 in Virginia City.

Mr. Luke's father, Alfred, was injured in an accident when horses got away and the wagon ran over him in "Six Mile Canyon." This accident effected him later. They then moved to Washoe Valley where Mr. Luke was born and in 1904 they moved to Reno, where Alfred worked for the Reno Fire Department as a fireman and horse trainer.

Mr. Luke was named after his mother's brother, George A. Tyrrell, who was the

purchasing and supply agent for the Virginia and Truckee Railroad.

Mr. Luke remembers visiting his Uncle's in Pacific Grove and Berkeley in 1907. They stayed in a hotel at Gulf and O'Farrell Streets. It was just after the big earthquake and the city was still in a shambles. Mr. Luke lived in Reno from the time he was five until he was twelve. His father died July 14, 1909. His mother remarried later to Charles Glazier a fireman who had worked with her late husband. Charles was born in Germany on February 22, 1874.

The family lived at 262 East Liberty Street in a house they moved on to the property from Virginia City and rebuilt. Mr. Luke attended the old Southside School, which was upstairs over the Southside Fire House. He later went to Mt. Rose School. Interest in collecting arrowheads began in 1911 when he and his friend Dan J. Hesse found some along the northside of the Truckee River near Glendale Road.

Two or three doors down from their Liberty Street home lived Lee Harcroft, a Chief in the Fire Department. An old timer, raised in Reno, he was a mechanic and he and Mr. Luke were good friends. He encouraged Mr. Luke's hunting of arrowheads and in turn told him where to find more. He told the young boy the history of the Truckee Meadows and took him on trips to places like Tollhouse Springs on Peavine Mountain. Mr. Luke continued to hunt arrowheads in the Steamboat and Hidden Valley area. He wrote a paper for school and everyone said it was interesting. Family and friends encouraged his interests.

In 1912 Charlie moved the family from Reno to the ranch on Harmon Road. Charlie had a photographic business in Reno and had been told by the to quit because the chemicals were bothering him.

Mr. Luke's older brother Alfie had apprenticed as a machinist for four years at the Nevada Engineering works for Jack Kernick. He then came with the family and worked building Lahontan Dam and was with the Bureau of Reclamation for five years. He later worked for Coverston's Fallon Garage and continued to help Mr. Luke with the farm until he died in December, 1978.

Mr. Luke's story begins with his arrival in Lahontan Valley. He talks with a feeling for the land and its history. When asked to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Luke accepted graciously. Recording sessions were held at his ranch near Fallon, Nevada during the winter and spring of 1978-79.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada-Reno Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the recollections of people who have had a part in the development of Nevada. This oral history was part of the training given a member of the newly formed Churchill County Oral History Project. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections Departments of the University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Copies of this script will also be available at the Churchill County Museum and Churchill County Library. Mr. George Luke has generously donated his literary rights in his oral history to the University of Nevada-Reno, and has designated the volume as open for research.

Sharon L. Edaburn
Churchill County Oral History Project
Fallon, Nevada 1980



MR. GEORGE LUKE AT HIS RANCH IN JANUARY, 1979

COMING TO HARMON DISTRICT, 1912

First thing they did after they built the Derby Dam, they put in that canal, Truckee Canal, which was thirty-one miles long and originally they dumped it into the Carson River below where the dam is, of course, there was no dam then. Then about, I'd roughly say about 1911, I think they started the Lahontan Dam. I was there in 1912, myself. Well at any rate, that's the start, so to speak of the project, then they put in these main canals. Now this one right parallel on the south end of the place here is called the "S" Line. I don't know the capacity, it is about a hundred and fifty...I'd say roughly a hundred and fifty second feet of water. Then, of course I'm only alluding to this particular ditch, there is others, but, they put in these laterals. Now this lateral that parallels the road here that I irrigate partially from, that's ah.. that's "S-9", the one below is "15" the "S-3" canal. That gets the idea of the lay of the country.

Now they put in these laterals and main canals, of course I'm speaking principally of this area, other areas are very similar. And they laid out the homesteads, areas that could be

homesteaded, in this general area, within, oh, maybe two to three miles of the main canal. And this particular place we are on I never did know exactly when it was first homesteaded, but it was homesteaded between 1906 and 1908, that I know. We didn't homestead it. We bought it, well it went through a fellow named E.E. Freeman, he homesteaded it. He wasn't a citizen, he was a Canadian. He had, I know he had three boys that I knew real well. And he couldn't, he homesteaded it, but, he couldn't hold it. They gave him a chance and he also was illiterate, he couldn't read nor write, so they gave him a chance. See to hold it you had to live on the place for five years, and if you, at the end of five years, if you made any necessary or regular improvements then they'd give you the deed to the water rights. Actually the land is not worth anything but the water right is what really counts. Then after that five year period, that's what they call "holdin up", well he couldn't hold it and they give him, I don't know, a certain length of time to become a citizen and so he could write his name in one way or another, but he

never did. Then they said he could turn the right over to one of his boys, well they didn't want anything to do with it. Now I'm gettin' into a pretty long story but that's about the size of it. So they sold it to a fellow by the name of... there goes that name.., he held it a year. And when my step-father come down he wanted to... he looked at the country. That goes into another deal, but he was interested when the Dam was under construction and everything and he wanted to see what the country looked like. He was partly raised up in Reno, In farmin' and ranchin'; why he was practically raised there. I guess he was born originally in Germany, and his mother came to this country and then they came out west, and I think originally she went to Virginia City.., well there now I get into a lot of different angles that don't really mean too much. But anyhow he wanted to come down, so we made a couple of trips down here. We had a car, an old Mitchell car. And I've got the picture of it here too. So he come down, come down twice, and of course I was a young kid about twelve years old and, of course, he said "lets go down and look over the country down there" and a friend of mine, that I was practically raised with in the big family, had a part of Reno named after them, it's Burke's addition in the southeast portion of Reno. Well, anyhow, Don, the oldest boy; Charlie said "go up and get Don, maybe he'd like to come down." Well of course we got Don and he come down and we looked the country over.., well I'm goin' to get into a little side issue there now in this particular case.

We went out south about where the Dodge Ranch is, it was on the edge of the Dodge Ranch. Milt Taylor had It later, but there was another man on that place at the time, but at any rate, we stopped there. The salesman, he stopped and we looked around and me and Don were sittin' in the car and

there was a young boy about our age there. We asked him if this was a good country to hunt Indian arrowheads, and he pointed over to some sand hills, they're still there too, almost due west. It was a mile maybe two miles over to them. He says "I think they find them over there." He wasn't particularly interested. We says, "can we get over?" he says "you'd have to walk".., well we went over there and we did find a couple of heads I can remember. Well when Charlie and the salesman come back we were gone. And the fellow on the place he says "the boys are not here", he says "do you want to wait for them?". "Ah," Charlie says "they can take care of themselves, they know where Fallon is. They'll get there all right." Well he was right. We did. We didn't care about goin' back, we were right there then we, gosh, we must have been seven or eight miles, maybe further than that from Fallon, but that didn't mean anything. So we come back and we had a place there in Fallon and we stayed a couple of nights and well that's the start of it.

TAMING THE LAND

The people who came never knew what irrigation was, of any kind, and then very few of them had any experience in this, what they call flooding irrigation, and they all had to learn that. But, you take a person on a raw piece of land, and if they never ever really had any experience, or even if they had to some extent, well, the first place they had to build a house, and if they - now, there's another thing - you see all that work had to be done with horse power. Now, you come in here and you build a house, you might have had a thousand or two or three dollars to start with, time we got located, then you had to get horse drawn equipment, then you had to rustle around and find where you could get one or two teams - they'd start in with one team then. Well, that made it so it was very slow, and like I say, the water come into one corner of the place, that's what they call the lateral, and from that point on, it was up to you to divert it. Well, it wouldn't do any good to pour the water on the ground, there'd be a hole here, and a hill, and a high and like that. That wouldn't do you any good, so you had to work that down, maybe

level off an acre or two of ground, so you could divert the water into the ditch to cover that ground. Well, usually, it was flat so that the water would be more like a lake when it was out there, well, it was almost impossible. So then, say you got three or five acres here where they could get the water on, and then alfalfa was the only thing they could start with - you could raise alfalfa on this raw land very well, gosh, that stuff would grow fine. Well, you got a few acres going there and - now here - even if you just had one team, which you couldn't get very far with. If you had a cow, you had to feed it. Well, what were you going to feed it with? You didn't have anything but a desert there to look into.

A lot of this ground was put in what we call rough - there'd be here, and drop down here and no particular grade when you get the water from one place to another and say they had an acre or two of ground there that they got the water on, filled it up, and then they had two or three acres down below there that was a couple of foot or so lower, well, they'd take a shovel and break this water down into that

other field or piece of ground. What happened when that water goes through there, she'd wash a hole out of there and oh, it'd just keep washing out, that's all, not only wash this top piece of ground but it would wash it all down on the lower ground. They had to put up with that. Then as time went on, they'd begin to realize you had to use a little different system, but most of this original ground was what we called "roughed in", that's the only way it could be done. Well, when we come here it was pretty much the situation here, "roughed in", and it grew some alfalfa, it was good on alfalfa, all right, if we could water it, which was one son-of-a-gun to do here, to get the water over it. I've irrigated all day and all night, watching the water, but I thought we were doing pretty darn good. Well, as I say, there was some alfalfa on the place when we came here, roughed in, naturally, that's all, and most of it was just raw land. Well, then we got to putting in new land so we tried to put it - sort of a grade to it - the best we could under the circumstances. I know it'd be a little low on one side, we'd have a ditch come here and straight through and then we'd irrigate that way. Then we'd cross through here and then we'd irrigate the other way. Well, that's the way the whole thing was - so many different grades, and in reality, as time went on, we began to realize if we had the power, we could change that, which we did to some extent, as near as we possibly could, and then, of course, we had that stock to feed, when we had well, we generally had about four head.

When we first came here, there was a couple of old "grays" on the place, that's all there was, but we got another team and worked four. There was a hill out through here, that was the first grading work I ever did, and I shoved the dirt off the hard way, day in and day out, day in and day out. You could work all day and I swear to God, you

couldn't see what you did. Well, we just kept at it. I don't know, I could tell that there was a possibility - but what really made it good - when they did get hay, got alfalfa started, that hay would surely go. God, that stuff would get - well, it'd get up that high and then way over. But, of course, I can explain all that, too. That raw land had the phosphates in it that made the hay grow, but when we got to releveling and changing, and then, of course, we realized we needed a drainage system. As I said, we had what they call a surface drain that ran around at one angle through the place there. What they actually did on a survey, they followed the natural contour of the ground, which was about the only thing they could do, unless they hit a hill and then they'd have to cut through that. Oh boy, we made so many changes, so many changes. When we got the drainage system in, when the old drain went through even when we made the changes then, we had to grade according to drain in to the old drain, and then when they put the deep drains in all of that had to be changed, practically all of it, but then we grew up with it, we made those changes. I can remember when we were here the first three, four years, we raised - oh, I think we had roughly about ten acres of ground that was producing, and we might have had sixty or seventy ton of hay and we sold it to the Nevada Pack for \$9.00 a ton, delivered. We had to haul it up to the sugar factory, in fact, that was after the sugar factory was built and they had a feed corral up there and they were feeding beet tops with hay.

Well, about the second year I was here, by golly, I guess it was the first winter we was here, we had a road that went pretty much on the section line and then it angled across the ditch and out in the desert and it was like this all the way through and where the reservoir is, that was a big flat, I know it went through

there and then back on the road and up to the feed corral by the sugar factory. Well, we loaded that hay by hand and it was in the winter time and I had a team of horses. I didn't know much about horses then, but I knew those young horses, if something had happened they'd probably run away and that old high wheeled wagon with a big load on it, we'd hit a place and it'd start this way, hit another and it'd start that way and I was afraid it would tip over. My feet got cold and I was afraid to get off and walk, for fear the darn team'd get away, so I had to follow and work - that was my first actual work on the place here at that time, so we got it up there - \$9.00 a ton. I don't think that much more than paid the overhead, and we didn't have anything to go on, I'll tell you that right now. I worked out.

I worked for the government then, burning weeds - \$2.40 a day, eight hours and boy, I thought that was the biggest money I ever seen. Old C.M. Davis was the ditch rider down below here and he wanted to know if I could burn ditches and I told him I'd try and well, he says, "bring a fork along". He told me to bring a grubber, well I didn't know what that was for. Oh well, I did too. We had so darn many tumbleweeds in the country. God, those things'd get that big and when the wind would blow, they'd pile up as high as a house and that ditch that went through the Reservation at an angle, still the same ditch there, he told me, "If you start a fire and burn those weeds," he says, "you'd better go ahead and see that they're not up against one of those structures, they're all wooden structures. If they ever got down there, those structures went out like that". So, I remember one time I started a fire at Davis's; went through the Reservation there and I got to thinking, my God, I says, I'd better go down and see if there's a structure down there and, oh man, those weeds were piled as high as this house and then the fire hit that and then she'd

go on - not only in the ditch, but alongside, but I went on down and, my God, well, I didn't go very far and I could see up by golly, I could see those weeds. Then I threw those weeds out in every direction, 'cause boy, if I'd have set that structure on fire, that would have been it for me, but I managed - just barely did too - boy, that fire'd be so darn hot that your face'd burn - and then another thing, he told me to bring a fork and I didn't have a horse then, so I had a bicycle, so I went down there on my bicycle with a pitch fork and I never used the grub hoe really. I guess he thought that maybe if there were weeds around a structure, I could dig them away with it, well, so much for that, but I never used it. Well, I burnt weeds and burnt weeds, \$2.40 a day - \$.30 an hour. I'd like to see some of these guys work for that today, and I mean work.

Well, that was the beginning and when I worked for the government, I got to using horses pretty good. Old Sammy Tibbets, he was what we called a regular old muleskinner, and I worked around a little bit for different guys and he says, "you want to learn to skin mules," he says, "I think I can get you a job with me, holding the Johnson bar on the Fresno, crossfiring". Oh boy, that tickled me to death, but I didn't know what I was up against. Those four mules we used on the Fresno, well, they had them harnessed when they come down with them, they hook them up and "boy" he says, "them mules kick your head off, you get behind them" and he showed me how to hook it up. Well, I was scared. I didn't know what time I was going to get it, but I guess I was lucky. And then we'd hook them up and tie onto that Johnson Bar and we'd go down with the Fresno this way, 'cause where you got up I'd pull the bar down and that'd take the side off and then flip it over and when we got on top, it was just a matter of going around, just like this, all the time. Well, I learned how

to mule talk, I can tell you that right now. He knew all the words and I guess I learned them too, a lot of cases when I shouldn't have, but then I got to driving mules, and then we had our own team here. Charlie used to go up and crossfire, oh this ditch rider here, he says, "I think that boy can do that. He's worked with Sammy." Oh sure, I can do it, so they gave me a team for me to take care of, but they were a pretty good team - to start with I had to use their own team, when I'd crossfire there and then I got to doing that and going down with one team. That's pretty slick the way they crossfire, they can whip up that ditch and it was just as slick as can be. Then it got kinda interesting you know, to see how slick they made them. Everything was done that way. You know what a Fresno is - well, usually a four horse Fresno is used. A four horse is a five foot long blade and, of course, that Johnson bar on the back and you got four of them. You dropped the team down in the ditch and as you go out, well, that's what you got to look out for too, when you held that Johnson Bar down, you hit a root, oh, I've had my watches hit here and I've had my dollar watch hang clear through that, well, a lot of that was from leaning over, and as I say, you push down and that puts the blade, when you push down and that raises the blade and that's when you start cutting that bank up, then you go around and you come around and hit the other side. Just a matter of around and around and around. Well, that's the way all these ditches were made - originally they were made that way. I've made a few ditches, too, that way in the old days. If you'd do much of that and get to using teams and stuff and he looks back and sees a nice straight ditch he thinks he's really done something. You have to kind of take pride in it. Well, then there's these old timers, just tell them crossfiring ditches, they'll all tell you they know when they used to do that.

Sometimes I'd be leaning over that Johnson Bar, holding down - I'd lean over it to keep it down and I'd be black and blue acrossed - I never thought nothing of it, and the part that made you feel great - if you got so you could crossfire a ditch and work for the Government doing that, they'd say, "Well heck, he's a muleskinner, he knows how to crossfire a ditch" and they'd say, "well, that muleskinner, he's pretty good, he knows how." And the other kids they'd want to know how they could get the job. Well, I said, I can't tell you, I said, if you want that job, why go in to the office there, if they got any use for you they'll hire you. They might work a little while, then I guess that got kind of rough. Yep, crossfiring ditches. Now all these ditches is what they call lateral, like this. Of course, really, they weren't as big a ditch as they are now, cause they kept working them and making them wider. And then the thing that used to, well, I and a lot of my friends, the Freemans, they all did a lot of ditch work for the Government. They had their own teams. See, if you used your own teams, you got \$5.00 a day and that was big money, so, naturally, we'd use our own team whenever we possibly could. Now, being a team, that was - a team was considered four head on a Fresno. Once in awhile they'd have to plow a ditch, they always plowed them out, but, boy oh boy, you couldn't do it today with the way they stuff concrete in their ditches now, you couldn't possibly do it. Of course, they don't do it - they don't have to now. I've mowed ditches for them a few times with a side mower. Fact is, I got a side mower out here now. I guess about the only one left in the country, but I use it on a tractor, of course, but in them days, it was horse drawn stuff. I don't know, I often think about it.

We worked all day long, of course, and at the beginning we didn't have any cows. I remember we put in some more ground in

here that was producing - I don't know, maybe one-hundred - one hundred and fifty ton of hay, beside what we was feeding our own stock - we had a couple of cows - always four head of stock - horses. Now, we sold it - had to bale it. The old time balers, you know, they were stationary balers. They made three wire bales, pitch it into the baler and 'course you had to pull them bales out and put the stick in there. I've done that, too. Weigh them - had to weigh each one - pull it across the platform, and weigh it, you put that slat in there and each one of those bales had a weight and they averaged about one-hundred, one-hundred thirty pounds a bale. They were pretty heavy bales to handle. We handled them one way and another. Well, we baled that hay and hauled it into town and loaded it on a car - regular box car too. I'll never forget, every time we'd go in there and pull up to the box car to unload, somebody'd been there ahead and, sure, they put the first couple of layers on the bottom, then when I'd have to unload, I had to push it over and pull it clear back. Now, the right way to do it, of course, would be to start at the back and pile them up, but no, they just - 'cause that was easy - they'd just throw them off there and drag them - put two rows - there's no - I never was that lucky. Well, we'd get them stacked. Oh boy, I thought, boy, now, we're going to town, we're going to get a good meal. I liked roast beef and potatoes and I think we could get a meal for about \$.35. Well, that sounded pretty good to me.

We'd come back and if we got unloaded and got back in time, we'd load for the next day, but sometimes we wouldn't make it. About one trip a day was all we could make. We used four horses and we'd haul about three and a half to four ton and boy, I'm telling you, we didn't have highways, we had roads that had those ruts cut down that deep, you know. There was two or three places up there by old

Williams' there where we'd make that loop that happened to get a little wet. Man oh man, I was sure glad when we got through there. Then, once or twice I had to pull off and back up and maybe somebody else'd come along and then we'd double up and get through there. I'd help him and he'd help me, so we'd get through one way or the other. "Course that took time, but it was all part of the business - we'd figured on that, but all the roads weren't bad, 'course they were rutty. Those iron wheel wagons, you know, they'd cut them up - there was ruts that deep (gestures about four feet). Everybody following the same rut, you know, and you couldn't hardly get out of them.

We sold that hay for \$7.50 a ton, delivered on the car. Charlie says, "I'm not going to sell another pound of hay off of the ranch." So he went out to Elko, and I think he had to borrow about \$2,000.00. Charlie had property in Reno, but he gave it to his folks up there. Well, he went to Elko and he got, well, I don't remember exactly how many, I think we got about fifteen of them here for milking, and when he got them here, he wanted to keep all of them, and that's when we first started milking cows. Well, in 1917, we moved from down there (the first house) up here that winter and, oh, that was the coldest damn weather I ever seen, and this hill was all brush, big brush, and we railed it off - hooked with a rail, a team on each end of a railroad iron, that's how we did it. Then we took the brush and we built a brush shed out there. We went down on Old River and got some poles for the roof and put wire across and put straw on top of that. So that was the only shed we had, really. We used that for a couple of years and that was the year, like I said, when we moved up here.

I remember we had pretty good cows and we would take a sample from each cow and this fellow'd come out with a buckboard and one horse and he'd come out there and he'd stay here one night and he'd get nights milk and then mornings milk, get the samples and then from there, he'd go on to some other places along the line. That is when we started to find out just what the cows were doing - what butter fat content was and so on. Well, that was the beginning. We milked those cows oh, up until about 1918 and that's when I did a little trip, well I guess you'd call it bootcamp, it was Army all right, and about that time, the price of hay went up and God, If you could get \$16.00 or \$18.00 a ton for hay, man oh man, that was a big price, compared to what we'd been getting, so while I was gone, Charlie sold every one of the cows.

First we built a house, of course it wasn't this one, back up on the point of the hill up there, and Charlie, he had all the know how to do all that and the tools. We had an International pump, a thing that stood about that high, about four hundred revolutions -

one of the old-timers. He had a pump and pumped the water clear up to the tower and put in the pipe line and had it clear down here, and that was the first water we had. We went on for a little while and, oh yes, that year we had that brush shed out there and the cow corral, well we had a cow, no we had the horse corral on this side and the cow corral on the other side, and they had these water lines with tanks and my God, we'd get a wind storm and this was loose sand and boy that sand, talk about putting up with something, that sand would come blowing down here against the house, it would pile up about that deep and when we run that pipe line up there, it uncovered deep enough so all the pipes froze up. Then we had a job - we had to dig down and build fires and thaw the pipes all out. Oh gosh, we went through all of it. Butterfat was oh I don't suppose - around twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. That's where you sold your fat, ah, milk we separated. We had a separator and then - I showed you that lineman's shack there. Alfie put that all in to run the separator and then we, now I'm getting a little ahead of myself. When we started up there, Charlie, he decided he wanted to put the tank down here, so we'd have the water closer to the house and everything, so we tore that all down and when Lahontan Dam, they finished that, they sold a lot of that lumber up there for anything - they were big timbers too, so we went up there - it took all day to get up and all day to get back. We'd stay all night up there and we'd go to the big timber zone, haul them down. They were big 6x6 timbers. There's about eight of them in that structure there, so when we built that structure, then we started from a concrete base and built that up, and then that went clear up til it flattened off, and then we put a three thousand gallon tank on top of that and that was all housed in and that was our water system then and then we changed the whole

water system and then we had water in the house and all like that.

Then Charlie got a notion - the cows were doing pretty good, well, I'm a little bit ahead of my story now, because after he sold them while I was gone, I'd say we were raising a couple hundred ton of hay then. We'd expanded quite a little bit and with that price, that boy, that was really something, so it kinda got us on our feet then. We were cultivating probably around twenty acres, something like that I would say, roughly. We used to, well it had to be better, because we'd average about five ton of hay to the acre. Of course, that's three crops. Well, we must have had more, but I don't know whether we ever had really two hundred ton. I'm just roughly estimating. I don't remember, but five ton to the acre was a pretty good average. I can beat it now, but that's at that time, but as I was saying, we got pretty well back on our feet. When he sold the cows, why he cleared his first mortgage, about \$2,000.00 and after I come back, for a year or two, why like I said, we didn't have nothing to do then, only work. Didn't have any cows to milk. Mrs. Johnson down here had, I don't know, ten or twelve cows, and she didn't want to milk them up there in that horse barn, see. Somewhere along the line after he built that horse barn, he got another idea in his head. He was going to build out up this way and then, well we already made the one side - shed roof on one side - then about a thirty foot center and then shed roof on the other side and made it all one barn. Well, he started it that way, but it didn't get any further than that. So then he decided to put the corrals up further and used that a good many years, it and the other corrals.

Charlie decided to go to Lovelock. He got thirty, thirty-five head of cows over there. Then he upped the mortgage on the place at \$5,000.00 to start that. He got the cows all

right and then Peach Downs, he moved in to his place in the meantime and we worked somewhat together. When we got the cattle in we didn't have trucks. We brought them in with the railroad, then brought them over to Fallon and then we had to drive them out on horseback which wasn't too much of a problem. We had, I don't know, there was some Holsteins in there and Charlie bought the whole bunch over there - thirty - thirty-five I guess, somewhere around in there and Peach wanted all the Holsteins so I don't know, he got twelve - I don't know just how many. He left us about twenty-five cows, Guernseys, that's what we wanted, so then we got started all over again and of course, we got that barn in up there and that's when we was milking - two of us - milking twenty-five cows. Well, we were doing all right.

The cows was paying and I used to give away the bull calves. God, they wasn't worth fooling with and sometimes somebody'd want a little calf and I'd say, well, come over and help me clean the corral or something and I'll give you a bull calf or something to that effect. I can remember two or three things in relation to that. I raised a couple of bulls - used to have a corral out here. Of course, everything was different at that time than it is now. There's been some radical changes. You wouldn't know it. Ah, what the heck was his name - well, it don't matter. He come out here one day and he wanted to know if I had any bull calves and I says, I got a couple in the corral there. They were about six or eight months old anyway - pretty good size. He says, "What do you want for them?" and you know I says, I guess they're worth \$10.00. "Yea," he says, "I'll give you \$15.00 for them". A fella I knew pretty good, he said he wasn't buying them for him - was for somebody else. Okay I says, that's it, so that was just one instance. It didn't always happen that way. And, you

know, \$15.00 was just a whole lot of money then. In the meantime, we worked over and got most of the place under cultivation then - not the shape it is now, but it was producing and we must have started back there the second time, about '22 or '23. I come back in '18 and a couple of years there, like I said, we didn't have no cows and we didn't have to do any milking and then I worked around some - anyplace where they were haying. I could get a job anywhere, on a hay job. Years before that when I first started working for the government, crossfiring ditches, a fellow we knew pretty good lived up above us here, he was drain ditch rider when they had the shallow drains and he dropped in here once or twice and wanted to know if I'd go with him. He had a horse and a little cart you know, and says "would you like to ride along with me?" he says "it'll give you a day's work anytime you go" and I says, sure, anything. So I'd get in his cart and we'd ride down the drain ditch and he'd come to a spot where it had been washed in a little and now he says "you get out and throw some weeds in there and a shovel full of dirt" - oh boy, that was a picnic. Then we'd go on down and that was about all I had to do. I didn't think it was possible that I could get money for that, but any kind of a job like that, he'd always come and get me to ride with him.

Getting back to the dairy business, we dairied right along through - I have two or three pictures of some of our Guernseys. We never had any registered cows. We had some pretty darn good cows though and they were taking tests on them too. I always had a good bull, that was when I was running them - well Charlie did too; we'd always get a young bull. We'd get these good registered bulls and that's what you want to do, is build your herd up and when you got calves in, you got something to back you up and oh, we had a darn big herd of Guernseys. One day a fella, well, it

was after Charlie died, back in probably the beginning of the '30's, a fella used to come here early en the Spring and want to know if I had any heifers and says "save them for me, I want them". Well, if I had them, he got them, that's all. He'd come down here with a trailer and haul them clear up to Quincy, California. We had some darn good cows. I never had too much trouble. I had a few little things go wrong. Oh, what's his name, the old veterinary, I liked him. He was a good guy. I'd call him up once in awhile. He'd come out and check on them. I always had them vaccinated for Bangs, Bangs disease, but once in awhile, something went wrong, but I never had any problem with the herd, maybe one or two would go off, but if I had anything that didn't look too good, I'd get rid of them. Sometimes it would be your best cow, too.

Well, I could relate so many different things. I remember one time, I think this fellow was from Davis, California and he come up here and I had two heifers just about ready to calf and oh golly, they were beautiful to look at and he spotted them. Later he says "what do you want for them?", I says, they're not for sale. Here's the reason I said that. If you sell stuff like that, the first thing you know, you're ruining your herd because if you don't keep that kind, why, well in other words, you sell the stuff that isn't so good, well then what's going to happen to your herd? Well, he was after them - he upped his price two or three times and one time, I forget what it was, he offered about \$150.00 and that was pretty good for heifers at that time and I come down there and talked to Alfie, and I says, that guy wants them heifers pretty bad, what do you think? "You know what to do" he said. I said, I'm going to let him have them, so he got them. I had a cow another time, she was a nice looking cow - big - and she was just about to calf and they come in buying - they

always wanted them right close to calving and we dickered around and finally sold her - no, no, no, I'm wrong, I didn't sell her - and here's the sticker - no I said, I'm going to keep that cow and by God, about two weeks after that, she died. But it happens both ways you see. We had it happen that way, but then, oh, I've forgotten about this business so much, so many different things. I milked them til, oh, up to, let's see, the war was in, ah, it folded up about '44 - '45 didn't it? '44 - and I milked them all the way through the war and that's when I got disgusted.

When the war broke, you couldn't get anybody to work for you. They could go down over here to Hawthorne - they could get a job there for five or six dollars an hour. They could get a job from Uncle Sam and I couldn't afford to pay that so the result was - it used to be when you wanted to go on a trip and I had the dairy, I could pick up somebody for a week or so and they'd milk them for me for a reasonable, you know, a reasonable price, but man, when that war broke, oh no. I couldn't if I'd given them a check for the time that they were milking there, it wouldn't any much more than paid for it, so then I got disgusted, I says my God, this milking is out as far as I'm concerned.

FEEDING CATTLE AND SHEEP

In the meantime, after I got this other piece of ground, Milt Taylor was after me - he says "why don't you feed?" I says, I thought about it, but I didn't think I was extensive enough. "Oh," he says, "you're plenty big enough". What I meant is, didn't think I had enough feed, 'course then I was raising about four hundred ton of hay and "oh" he says, "you got a corral in there, I'll bring the cattle in to you". "I'll get 'em for you". So, my God, I went right to work and put that corral in and I finally sold my dairy herd - oh, I sold it in this way: I sold the cows, but I kept the heifers and I had about ten or twelve heifers that were coming along and I kept them. Well, the first thing you know, I was back milking four, five or six cows again, but that was easy, but I kept them simply because I wanted to hold them until well, that young stuff, I could sell them pretty good and I had plenty of people come after them and somebody'd come along, well, I'd sell them one. I was so darn used to milking cows I couldn't feel as though I was doing the right thing. But when I got my corral built up there Barrenchea down here, he was running

sheep and that was the first. We made some little corrals in between there and we fed a bunch of - fed a bunch of sheep for him. Fact is, they fed 'em. I just told them to use the corral and sold them the hay and they did all the feeding at that time. Well, that was the first year and then after that, why, Milt Taylor brought in a beef and then, in the meantime we was building these structures, Alfie was and we got the grainery built and what the set-up was, they'd bring them in there and have one hundred, one hundred-fifty, two hundred head of beef in there and what I didn't like I couldn't keep track - well, it was this way, they were fat - they were what we call fattening-out beef there and I'd feed so much hay and then feed about from three to five pounds a head a day of grain. Well, they furnished the grain, but, of course we had the grainery here for them which was very handy and I didn't mind that at all - I didn't mind that at all, 'cause I had the grain right here. In fact, I built the grainery for them and fed the grain and then the hay. The devil of it was, I couldn't keep track - they'd come back

out there and take out twenty-five, maybe fifty head and bring in a few of the others and that kind of messed me up on the grain feeding, you see. Then I talked to Milt one day, I says, let me tell you something, Milt, I says, if it's a little bad, you can put up with that, I says, why the devil don't we do it this way? I says, I don't care how many you put in there, you can put the capacity of the corral, which is probably about two hundred and fifty, probably not that many of these big ones and I says, all I want - we was feeding loose hay like we always did, I says, we'll take their hay measurement - five hundred and twelve cubic feet to the ton, I says, we can take that old measurement like it always was in the past and I says, we'll measure out the hay in the stack, then you can buy the whole thing - they usually bought everything I had there and we made it in stacks and put so many - there was five hundred and twelve feet to the ton and each stack would measure out and I'd measure them and we'd figure it all out. Then I says, I don't care when I feed it or how many, that way if you want to feed grain, I'll feed the grain, no extra charge, gladly so I don't have to keep track of this business.

Then they got to bringing in yearlings, small stock you know and well, that didn't make any difference. I know one time I had the beef in there and I was still milking a few cows, like I said, maybe five or six and that doggone big old steer he had in there, jeez, he was a big devil and the son of a gun - it was night and I was milking and son of a gun, he'd go over there and he'd jump into the water trough. I'd go out and run him out but that didn't keep him out of there and I couldn't figure what the devil he did that for. He was dead the next morning. He was one of the best chunks of beef he had in there. Old Milt, he says "man, he was probably bloated", now, he was getting nothing but straight hay and he

says, "he wanted to get into that water". Well I says, I never thought of it that way, I never seen anything just like that, "oh" he says, "that's probably about it, yea he says".

After that I was feeding for Moffat. Well I fed nine years for Moffat that way. Every year I'd have it all figured out on paper and now, I says, you fellas can figure it just as well as I can and if my figures and yours don't jibe, I says we'll see what it is. And we never had any problem and oh, I had a contract when I fed for Moffat, just a piece of paper there - a contract to feed the cattle, to guarantee that they had good water and plenty of feed. That's about all it amounted to. And I fed nine years for them and then, then the last, there was a little bit of sickness out there and they were - I think there weren't going to feed any more here. Bill Bell - they were feeding up there at the same time so, well, Milt says, "I got a feeder, you don't have to worry about the hay here. We've got a feeder here, we'll feed it all up". So then that's when I started with Walt Whitaker and I fed sixteen years for Walt Whitaker. I never had a scratch of the pen, never had a piece of paper or anything. I made the measurements and I told Walt, you take one end of the tape and if you're satisfied, we'll make a....."Ah hell". he says, "I'm not going to fool with that, your word's good enough for me". He didn't want to fool around with it, so like I said, I went along with him for sixteen years. Well, I made plenty good money then. I guess I was making \$35.00 to \$40.00 a ton for hay then. That was a lot different than \$7.50 a ton. And then a big item again was, I was feeding it on the place and I had hundreds of tons of fertilizer that I pulled out every year on the ground there and I always said, it's a poor outfit that'll haul all their crops off the ground and don't build it up again, so I said, that's the way I want to work it and I did. I always did and do it right now.

MEMORIES OF THE HARMON COMMUNITY

When I was young, they started a Socialist Colony near Harmon. It didn't last long, maybe a couple of years. I don't know, around '16, '17. I know it was in operation in '17 and I think in '18, that's when it blew up. Well, a lot of people, they got that socialistic idea in their heads. The idea was all right, but we all know it would never work because people are people and that's exactly what happened here. A lot of people, most of them from the middle west come in here and it was advertised. In the first place, it looks to me like anybody after they'd come here and seen what it actually was, I don't know how they could go through with it but they did, some of them. Must have been plumb dumb because, well anybody, if they had property at all would put all their money off their property into a set-up like that, not even seeing what it was all about, boy they deserved to lose and they did. A lot of them did lose and I can't figure anybody who would go into a thing like that. I've got to know what I'm getting into before I'll fool with anything like that and I've got to be pretty certain, and they had quite a lot, they had all

that area southeast of Louie Guazzini - that whole area in there was part of the Socialist Colony and of course, Baumann's, they were great socialists. Old man Baumann - we were here one time, old man Baumann, he was so head strong in ways. He come here one time, he told Charlie, he says "Charlie, you better join us cause we're going to get your property any way", well Charlie says "I'll be here when your' re not". Charlie says "I'd like to see him get it" cause they had no legality - they couldn't do it. He just thought they'd be so strong they'd just push you out, well, that's plain ridiculous. People who go and get those ideas in them - some of those Baumann's were that way. The old folks, old man Baumann was pretty strong. Well, they had a lot of property down in Stillwater, that Dodge-Schaffner Ranch, I don't know who owns it now. Let's see, about oh, over three hundred acres, yea, over three hundred acres in there and I think that's where the trouble started. Each one of the members was supposed to do their job on this and that you know and one thing and another, well, my God, how could you get a

bunch of people to do a thing like that. You're going to have one guy say to the other guy, he was doing all the work and the other fellow wasn't doing anything. Then this and that will happen. Anybody could see that nothing would survive, it was just poorly managed. It was a skin thing to start with. Old Eggleston and Harriman, they just got the suckers in it, that's what happened. They were just plain suckers without an idea in their heads you know, that Socialistic idea, good God!

That piece of ground that Louie's got, the Enlow place, that was part of the colony. There was several structures in there, I don't recall, at least five I think. I don't know exactly how that got to be in the colony either, because there were several other owners besides Enlow, and I don't know who homesteaded it, but anyway I know that there was structures on that property and of course, Fred Kirn, he had a piece of ground in there, and they went all around him but that concrete block house, oh about a half a mile below Louie's on the right there, that was all Socialist Colony. That's where most of the structures were, back upon that hill, there was, oh I don't know, fifteen or twenty structures all through there.

At first the kids went down to Harmon School, then they got - they couldn't take care of them, so right where Louie Guazzini's cow barn is at, they had a school there, right on the hill there and they had at that time, well there was, I don't know, there was one, I guess not more than one teacher. It was state operated, it was a state school under the jurisdiction of the state and a lot of them went down here to Harmon School of course.

About the only place that I knew of they had in Stillwater was that old Dodge-Schaffner place, I knew that belonged to the Colony. If there was any other in there that belonged to the Colony, they belonged to the Colony. I wouldn't say the Colony belonged to them,

it was the other way around, not that I know of down there. I never paid much attention to it. It always seemed like just a lot of new people coming in, going and coming in, you know. I knew a lot of the other people very well and oh, Reynolds - Reynolds, he had a place in Stillwater. They came here to enter the Colony, I know that, but then they had, later they had their own property in Stillwater, but I don't think it had anything as far as I know - I don't think it was connected with the Colony in any way. think they gave the Colony up when they got their own property they began to realize what they were getting into. Yea, I've known Tex Reynolds and I know Tex is still around. I see him once in awhile. He was a - he did a lot of well drilling all over the area. Of course he's retired now. I think he's got one of the boys taking over. The Hiibel's, they came here. They joined the Colony for a time until they got forty acres and then there was a forty acre parcel this side of there and that was Hiibel's. They got that property, that was their own property and practically the whole family was raised there. Johnny Hiibel, John Hiibel, I see him around once in awhile. Clyde Hiibel down here, Phil Hiibel, gosh he got to be, gee he was District Superintendent of the irrigation district here at one time. Those boys were smart, they could take hold all right, and he was the District Superintendent for quite awhile and then he quit and went up north, up I don't know, Oregon I think, I think he was up there somewhere. Then, of course, there's Clyde - he lives right across from me here, right next to the school there. He's got kids and they're all married. Oh God, they scatter out you know and there's Hiibel's here and Hiibel's there and so on and so forth, that I just can't hardly believe it. In just half the time, I don't believe things that I know are facts.

This man, old Dick Van Sickle, he homesteaded that place right west of here,

it was the old Downs' place for awhile and one of the younger Weishaupt's got it now. Well, he was a bachelor. He had a cabin there about - well, I knew where it was at but there's no need of explaining that. It faced towards the north along the road there and he had a pretty good little piece of property - pretty rough, but when I was a kid I used to go up there and help him hay. He cut a bunch of hay, we used to do it all by hand then you know. Then old Dick, when we first came here, we lived down on that corner and we had one of these phonographs with these cylinder records you know, we had a whole bunch of those records and that phonograph and old Dick, he'd come down once In awhile and talk and we'd start the phonograph and he was a big, heavy set fellow and I can see him sitting in that chair there and we'd play something funny on there and he'd start laughing, you know, and he'd just shake all over. He was quite a guy. Much of his history nobody knew too much about. He was from, oh, I don't know, Kansas or somewhere around in there, Nebraska, never knew definitely. I did, I guess, but I've forgotten now. Anyhow, he lived in this cabin and he never mentioned anything about his relations, any of his family or relations. Nobody knew hardly anything about him, he sold his hay - he had quite a lot of hay there and oh, I don't know how much, anything more than one hundred ton, I'm sure of that and he sold it to these Dennisons, they owned property on that hill, they herd sheep and they used to come down and it was all loose hay and they'd take a load of hay up every day and the first day they come down, why, he had a couple of horses and a cow in the corral there and they noticed that they hadn't been taken care of, so the first day they didn't pay much attention to it, thought maybe he hadn't got up or something and it never bothered them, well, the second they

seen the same thing, then they knew there was something wrong and they thought maybe the old man was sick, so they went down to the cabin and they found what was the matter with him. He'd been shot through the top of the head with a revolver. Of course, they got the authorities out and checked it all out and like I say, he never mentioned any of his relations or anything, so nobody knew too much about him, outside of one particular fellow by the name of Bailey Colburn there's a name I'll never forget.

A year or so before, he'd been in this area and I guess, of course, he must have been some relation or a friend or something of Dick Van Sickle and that's all I knew about it, or any of us for that matter. Well, when they found old Van Sickle there, he'd apparently had eaten supper and the plates had all been washed - two separate plates had been washed and set upside-down on the table and I remember one of the plates, there was a lot of pictures of some of the relations. Well, I always think that it boils down to this. Van Sickle, we're certain, never let a stranger in there, so it had to be somebody that he knew, so therefore, you put it all together, it was somebody that he knew that was there and Van - he slept in a - well, he had a little two-room cabin and he had his bed in the other, one room, there on the other bedroom, so to speak and whoever had been there with him, figured he'd bed down on the floor. Well, what happened, this fellow got up in the night and just shot him in the top of the head. Now, why and who? Well, we're pretty certain that, had to be somebody that was well acquainted with Van. That was certain, but who was something else. So they had a fellow from the state police come down. I knew him very well too. He stayed with us for two weeks there and it was - then when they found that Dick had been killed, why, then they got to hunting some relations and

they found that he had some relations - people by the name of Henry and my God, they came from wherever they came from, the middle west there, moved right into the house and stayed there for awhile and they had one boy, well, I'd roughly say he was sixteen years old and there was a suspicion that that boy knew more about it than anybody and this state officer, his name was Dan Ranier, stayed with us for a couple of weeks. He was going to see what he was going to do, he was going to get acquainted with these Henry's and he was going to take the boy out hunting and one thing and another, to see if he could follow up something, maybe he'd drop a word or two that he could follow up on, but he did that for about two weeks and finally says, "nope, that boy don't know anything at all about it - that's out". Now, I mentioned this Bailey Colburn, a year before he had been around, that was before we came here and some of the neighbors had seen him and they knew that he was some distant relation to Van Sickle, so that pretty near - then, before, just a short time before Van was killed, they spotted him over at Hazen, so he'd come back. Now, what the supposition is, this Colburn knew Van and he knew he wouldn't put his money in the bank or have anything to do with banks, so we supposed that when he sold that hay, he got paid for it and stashed it away somewhere around the house or something like that. That's what the supposition was, so there was no proof that this Colburn done it and they tracked the guy clear across the desert, clear over to the Southern Pacific Railroad. They tracked him where he left the house and went across, of course, and everything was dark and there was nobody, you know, nobody around - different, everything was practically dead all around here then, well, they tracked this man over there and that's as far as they could ever get with it - they never - if they'd have got

him they'd have had to prove it and that I'd been something else. So, years later, I talked to Dan Ranier and I said, did you ever nail this Colburn? "No", he says, "we were very certain that he was the man, but what could we do?" "We'd have had to arrest him on what charge, then we'd have to prove that he was..." well, they didn't have anything to go by, actually so, well, I says, I guess that's understandable. "Oh, there's no question that he was the guy that did it, can't prove anything, but" he says, "this Colburn, he was - he got into some trouble before and they had him in prison there and he died in prison". So that cleaned that all up, but that's the history of old Dick Van Sickle.

Well, a couple of years after we was here, I'd say maybe '14 or '15, somewhere around in there, I did work for Dick Van Sickle one summer, that is off and on, haying there, I'd say roughly about 1915, we came here in '13 and old Fred Nelson, he knew him, of course and Fred was a bachelor, him and old Hank Carran. They were well educated people, old Fred had a good education and old Hank was too; and old Hank, he was a funny old bugger. Funny guy to talk to. You could really have a conversation with Hank in an educational way. He'd been on a paper up north and oh, I don't know, one of those big towns in Washington, I don't remember the town, particularly, but he'd been on that paper for quite awhile, but the funny part about old Hank, he - and both of them, God, old Fred he'd go on a drunk and then when Fred'd get over his drunk, why old Hank he'd go on a drunk and so on and so forth, but Hank wouldn't stay very long on a drunk, but old Fred, he'd be on it for a couple of weeks, but Fred, he was pretty smart, but old Hank, I was going to say, they used to - ditches, everything was always shoveled out by hand, you know and I'd see - I'd be over - how far I had this drain here and I could walk right over and talk

to him if I wanted to. I'd look over there and old Hank, he'd be working on a ditch and talking to himself. God, I could hear him talking there to beat the band. Well I'd holler Hank, who you talking to? He says, "a darn good man And I'd go over and talk to him for awhile, but he had that habit of talking to himself you know and he'd go along there and Hank used to do quite a lot of Fred's work. I'd put up hay over there for Fred Nelson for a long, long time - good old Hank. Then Fred finally got down, went to the hospital and that was it. I don't know how old a man he was, because he must have been pretty old. He was, no doubt pretty well in his seventies anyway and he used to talk, well he was up in Alaska - he used to talk about that and then he was down in Arizona and he used to talk about the troubles they used to have in Arizona there. He was married once too. I don't know what happened. I guess his wife died. Then they had the estate, the old Nelson estate. I don't remember how that was settled. I know there was a woman involved in it, 'course I didn't know any more than that, but it wasn't his wife, I'm pretty sure.

The last few days have been nice, you bet it has, very nice. About the worst weather that I can remember, I guess, conditions more than anything, was when we were moving from the corner and we just got this house completed and we moved in this house and if I remember distinctly, it was, well, it was some time after we got moved here, I know one morning it was twenty-eight degrees below zero. I know it was that cold, and if you could see what we were up against at that time. We were just practically getting started in the dairy business. Of course, I guess I told you originally we built a brush barn with the brush we knocked off of the hill and cut down a lot of cottonwood poles for a roof, strawed it and put wires across. That was our first cow barn and I don't know, I guess we was milking

possibly around fifteen cows then by hand and I'll tell you we were taking samples from our milk and I'll never forget that fella - we all had these heavy boots on, 'course I was milking, Charlie and I, with this fella - he'd be tramping around, well, finally we got through and come in he said he was going to find out how cold it was and he phoned in to the farm there, the university farm and it was around seven o'clock that morning and I think it was twenty-seven below zero. I said to my brother, we'd never made it if we'd known that!

Don't seem that in the last few years we've had as much snow as we had in the past. When we had that hay lift in '49, that was a bad year. Then, of course, there was lots of snow too. Oh, I don't know, back in the earlier years when we used to drive around, it seemed like there was more snow. We'd hook a team on to the wagon and put runners on it for a sleigh and that never seemed to work too good here, 'cause I don't think the snow lasted too long. And then, I know one time we went to Stillwater and going across the canal that was Freeman's place, and Freeman and Fred Nelson and L.J. Carr come over here and a little bunch here, we're all coming in about the same time, and there's Taylor's down the road there and we were going to have this dance in Stillwater and at that time we wasn't milking cows, that was before we got the dairy, so we'd get around - we had telephones even then, you know and no electricity, though, just telephones and we'd get word around pretty good. Clark's lived across the road and there was three boys and a girl in there and they'd get the word around pretty good you know - now, we're all going down to Stillwater tonight, the whole bunch of us and Dodge got a wagon there, he's going to take us and he's got the wagon full of straw and we're going to pile on there and go to Stillwater. Well, sure, all of us went - everybody around, us

young ones that wanted to go and some of the older folks. We had a load anyway and I'll never forget, we got down - we used to have to take the old road that went through the reservation - see, the old road still goes through the reservation instead of going through on the outside we turned left into the reservation, well it's a mile then that old road goes straight through. Well that was the road we took, just a dirt road. After they made the first turn there, well we made a left turn going north and then, of course, right going towards Still water and after we made the first right turn - Ayers, a fellow by the name of Ayers, he had a homestead there and there was some kids there, so Claude and I, golly - Claude said "I think we'd better put another team on there, we've got quite a load here and I'm gonna stop down there and see if we can get another team" and I says, by golly, we'll do that, so we went down and old Ayers give us another team and my God, man, when I got that team, we got 'em harnessed and hooked up, I couldn't feel anything in my hands at all. We just froze. Well that didn't bother me until he got to falling off. The kids they'd jump off the wagon and run along, you know and throw snowballs. They were just having one heck of a time. Kids had a good time then in that way. I don't know, they kinda played together of course, kids is kids as they always ought to be, but I don't know, they were a lot different to the way the younger ones are today. 'course they probably weren't as smart as they are today, I don't know. When we got down to Stillwater, we danced upstairs in the old Courthouse. I'd been up there a couple of times and then in later years across the road they had a big dance hall in there and I danced in there many a time. I never missed anything like that.

Well, we had to create our own amusement in those days. Nobody did anything for us.

We didn't have shows or anything. Once in a year or couple of years a circus would come to town. You couldn't miss that! It was just like Paiutes down here, they never missed it and neither did I or any of the rest of us. Once in awhile we had a celebration in town for some purpose, then we had a parade and each district would put their own float in the parade. We got up our own float here and the other districts all put their floats in the parades, you know, and I remember one we had was kind of comical.. I don't remember exactly what I think it represented a wagon train or covered wagon or something we had a team, two teams and had one horse and a cow hooked up together, and the funny part of it was, every once in awhile old Fred Kirn, he'd get out and jump around and stop and milk the cow. Yea, it was a pretty good get-up, then on the corner of Maine and Center Street, right across from Kent's they had a - they built a palace of hay - I think I got a picture of it here somewhere. Quite a deal, they pretty well got together - represents something - quite a structure they made out of bales of hay. We was always doing something like that. One time we had the float we had was just a team on a wagon and a flat top representing the Harmon School - that was the old Harmon School and the kids were in there and their desks and everything you know, raising havoc and the teacher raps some of them and shake them and one thing and another. That's what it represents anyway. Kind of a get together deal you know, not very elaborate but it had its points anyway.

HARMON AND GRIMES POINT AREAS

When we first came here to get to the caves at Grimes Point it was either on horse back or on foot and most of the time It would be on foot. We used to take right straight across, there's a big cave, we used to call it the Big Cave. Well right across - straight over to I could even show you the spot from here. And we'd hike right across we'd wade across a couple of sloughs, well they were actually the run off from the Carson Lake originally and in later years they dragged it out, we call it the "diagonal" now. But prior to that we'd wade across them and we'd get right over there and well - you see when I first got in here hunting I didn't really know how to hunt this country. It takes time, you have to learn hunting in different areas, there's quite alot to it and ah, I found that out in later years for sure, but we used to hike across there - you see up around Reno we were along the river or some little bank off the river or high ground. That's what we usually hunted in and pretty well off of the shoreline, well its rolling there more and of course this being the flat country, I was always looking for the rolling

sand hills, side hills and I walked right across the flat and then I'd find a camp along the side hill. But in reality I was walkin' through the best territory and didn't know it. Oh, I found that out later, well, it seems a lot of that end is good even yet, but, well we got over in the Big Cave. That had the same thing, but we never found anything, well I know what happened there, same as to Lovelock Cave... years ago they hauled that guano out of there and I think any thing was in there was dug out and destroyed or whatever they did with it. There might have been others before my time who worked on it, well I don't know, but that.., but back in '13, '14, I don't think there was many people that dug around caves, not to my knowledge anyway. But there may have been. But that cave was a good deal like the one I mentioned with the top that fell down, well the same thing was true of this big cave here, gosh that was a big mouthed cave, it went in quite a ways, kind of sloped up further in you got, the lower - I think actually what had happened it had eroded in there and kind of covered up the inside up pretty much - well

the further in you went, why, ah, you just went as far as you could go and that was it, but you could crawl, you might have went further. But you could see the erosion had got in there and had gradually filled up. Clear to the back. But we, I never found anything in that cave. Well, we used to, a young fellow that was with me - when we first started wandering around that territory, why, he was always crawlin' in holes, which is a foolish thing in the world to do. He'd crawl in belly deep and by golly he'd go in there and he'd come out with well, pieces of baskets and stuff like that, I don't know how they got in there, but they were there. He'd pick them up and come out with them. He come out one day and he was white as a sheet - Swede I said, what happened? He says, "I faced a snake, right in there. I crawled right up and there he was right in front of me". Well, I says, serves you right. You should know better than going Into those kind of places. But you have to learn that or something and of course I knew there was lots of those desert rattlers, still is if you go over in that area. Not unusual to run across a desert rattler. But after you get away from there I never did see one down in this flat country, never.

THE “BIG FLAT”

That flat I hunted is a pretty big area. Takes in, well I wouldn't have the least idea, it's from five to seven miles across it east and west and then it narrows down and four or five miles north and south the other way. Well - let's see, you come in from the south this other way. See, that's been changed since the Wildlife, there is a division road right across the extreme south end and we follow that down and then swing off to the right. Well there is two or three ways of getting on the flat, but we swing off to the right and drop down on the flat and, well actually after you get on there you are practically on one edge of it. You see, really, before the Wildlife put these roads in here that flat extended clear on up, oh a couple of miles further west but that broke it of course, and then the west side was most of the time is under water. This last year its been dry. Nellie, my late wife, she found them all that's in there, (gesturing to wall) and the circumstances she found them I wouldn't know. We'd be one, two, or three miles apart sometimes. But I do know that that's her frame now. This is my frame up

here. In reality the only difference is that I found in this frame and she found 'em in that frame and we kinda get together about lunch time and then show what she got or whatever the case is and when we get home 'course not at one time you understand, we maybe had ten or fifteen at each time out there and that amounts to all of these frames of course. Ah, that's my frame. Yea, these two frames here are mine and also this one but this frame over here is Nellie's frame, that I definitely know and every one of them come off of the Big Flat and ah, same circumstances just, as I say I'd go out there when it was light I might have been out there today. Who knows? But, that is a big territory and then what's about that, there is certain areas that are different than others and you learn that after you are on there, of course I could go in to the details how we started there.

We are going back into ancient history now. Well, I can't definitely say, ah, very likely in the middle thirties I'd say. We got into it on what was called the east side. We took the old road along the edge of the hills and then

dropped onto the flat and where we dropped onto the Flat there was quite a few camps, just one particular place right there where we hit the Flat and then we followed along that edge and then we hit along the east side a streak there, very very prominent camp site. It was quite a camp site. Well, I walked across there a few times and picked up some broken ones, but at that time I wasn't particularly interested. I know one time we were talking here, I says, Nellie, where would ya' like to go? "Well," she says, "let's go down on the lower end of that Flat where we was when you picked up a couple of broken ones there," and "Oh," I said, " that's fine. "But we didn't have any particular luck there at that time. Now we get back - Ed Brewster, he worked with me here for a couple of years, he was goin' to school, of course and ah, then he, well the war broke and he, well I don't know there is a lot of detail that isn't necessary to bring in. He come back, well, he worked in Reno after he come back. He was a slot machine technician. He learned that and he worked at that for awhile. And I got a phone call from him and he wanted to know if I'd go out "head huntin'" with him. Anytime Ed, I said, just let me know. Well he come down that weekend. Well, right then I was kind of undecided where to go. There is dozens of places I could have went. So I said Ed, we were out here on the lower end of the flat, Nellie and I and we never had any particular, um, we didn't seem to be doing anything outstanding at that time anyway. But I says we'll follow that and then to the northwest about in that direction, you could just see the tops of those sand hills, from that point from where we were at, I would say it was anyway five miles and I said, Ed, I don't know. I'm not too interested in this Flat, really, it don't appeal much to me. But I says, I'll tell you what we'll do, I says I'm going to... I had the jeep. The first one. I said I'm going

to head off toward those sand hills; we'll go along slow and I said if you see anything that looks interesting, a pretty good site, we'll stop. Well we went along and we passed alot of good places, at that time we didn't know it you see, that's the whole thing, but we hit this pretty big site. I says, Ed, there's a pretty good looking site, I said, lets stop here awhile. Nellie was with us, and we did. So we got out and it was a heavy site. I probably could find that same spot again. So, I never cared about huntin' about right in those heavy sites for the simple reason anything like that type if anybody else been there that's where they go and they hunt that pretty heavily. But I'll go off quite a ways where the erosion, maybe a hundred yards or a couple hundred yards away, on the edge. Well, Ed went right in that site and I wandered around and I had pretty good luck that day. Best I'd ever had on what we called the Flat. Ed, when I got back, he was still in that site and I'll swear to gosh he had four or five big spear points, well he was having the time of his life. He was a diggin' he was on his hands and knees and that is something I never did was dig around and as I say, he was having real luck. Well that's really how I got started a huntin' on that Flat. Then I said Nellie, by golly, I guess we've got a lot to learn here in this Flat. So from that point, see we are over here and we went over there I'd say roughly five miles and we hit that big site. We drove to that place after that of course and from that particular site there off toward the southeast, see we went clear around it and didn't know it, toward the southeast and we hit sites more or less irregular right down to the point down there. What we call the point where the Flat goes into the edge of the high ground there. Well mister, I'm telling you we sure had luck, lots of it, of course, those are only the heads that's mounted as many and more, maybe twice as many, that are not mounted and

they are good ones too. Well that's how we got started, there, then we followed that Flat in different areas and different ways and then I began to realize again we'd follow that and then we got swingin' of towards the right, off toward the, where, they put the big dike in there and a joint south and, oh, maybe a half mile away from the high ground which was off to the left of us, we found a stream right around there and then too, the water was at that time was still down in the lower end of the flat, at times it was. But we couldn't get in there. But we just followed that kind of a shore line. Man, that was really something.

THEORIES ON INDIANS SETTLING THE SINK AREA

I got to thinkin' we know very well that these Indians camped here 'cause pretty near every site you'd find a broken portable mortar or whatever. Everywhere you went and I said you know these sites, now when there was water in here they didn't camp here and a lot of people thought they hunted geese and stuff and maybe ducks, well that is anybodies opinion, possibly at times they did, but the main thing was they camped there. Now, that was a shoreline there which we found shoreline afterwards, now I'll tell you why that shoreline was there. All this upper area here, course was before the white man came in here or even after. All the erosion and material that washed down the river even from Carson Lake down this diagonal eventually ended up on the flat. That's about seventeen feet lower than Carson Lake. Well it all ended up down there. Well what happened, if there was water, well it depended on the period, some years they'd be more water than others, now if the water was up mediumly high and then see its flat, gosh there never was water over six or eight inches deep there anytime. Now what

happened when that water came in, the stuff would float in and eventually when the water receded, that made that ring there. But why did they camp there? Because the material, the wood and everything was right there. And that's the reason they camped there. Course the specialists they got different ideas but I'm speakin' the practical idea and that's the reason they were there. Otherwise they couldn't have camped there, for no particular reason at all. Well then I begin to follow other lines pretty well all the way through and then further north same thing, long shorelines and I'm satisfied that I've hit it. That they camped for a reason and there had to be a reason, because that's as barren as this floor and they wouldn't camp there unless there was something to camp there for. And those were pretty well sites, whenever you find pieces of mortars and stuff there that means they were more or less permanent. 'course, now like I say, maybe a flood would come down and that would put the ring would be here and would be further over here, sure and you'd find another ring back over here and then that row

of hills comes in at the extreme north end and goes out, of course those shorelines are the same, but that goes without saying, because even before I even thought of the flat we used to go down and edge around and follow those shorelines. Sure the camps were there and we just figured there was always water in there and naturally they camped along the shorelines, which was probably true, at times, but there is your variance, it depended on the water and how it come in there and they had to have a reason for camping there, that's all there is to it. Now I could take you down there anytime and I could show you the various changes there.

I'll tell you about the Carson sink area. Well, of course, that was the lake, a shallow lake just like Winnemucca Lake, same thing, very shallow. Well, your grass and your tules and everything grew up all over there and then the story goes that these domineering Indians drove these others out in those, in the ponds there, these lakes where they wouldn't let them come up on the shore line and that's the reason why down in the bottom there you find some of these artifacts - I don't swallow that at all. It makes a good story, but to me it don't, 'cause I don't think it's worth the paper it's written on, because they've got no proof of it, none at all. In the first place, it's ridiculous, but they write that - two or three different writings to that effect. That's what gets me. Maybe I shouldn't talk because I don't claim to know, but I do have as much common sense and reason that I know how, but some of that stuff just never lived around here. Naturally, they're going to take it all for granted, but you take a person that's been around a little bit, he has a reason to think much differently, according to the conditions as he sees. I don't know, maybe I'm wrong, but seeing that I've had two or three experiences with these professionals, I know dog gone well

that they're not - they're just in there to make a story and that's all there is to it. If there was something to back it, it's all right, maybe it's just as good as any one you want to write, but there's too much in it that don't make sense.

I knew that old site there. I don't know whether they ever got anything, all it was, was just a, well it's very, it's a silty and very silty area and those hills all around through there, God, the first rain storm would blow one of them flat and this one area, is a kind of a low place in between these hills here, oh, extra heavy campsite in there. I may have found a few little things there, but nothing particular, because when I get into one of those heavy sites, I don't hunt there very much because I know what's happened. That's the first place these people go into and they'll go in there and they'll crawl around on their hands and knees, sure, a windstorm come along and might uncover something, but how many different times has that happened and how many different people have been in there. I'll admit, away off on the outside where they don't look, that's where I find them.

I think about funny things sometimes. We found that thing there, that black thing there, one of those artifacts. She found it out in the sandhills out north here, 'course we'd always spread out. Gosh, she'd go one way and I'd go another. She always knew her way back, believe me and she hadn't been gone very long and she stopped and she shook this and she said, "look what I found, it's got teeth too" she said. Oh brother, "it's got teeth" she said. She was good, although the last couple of years I knew she couldn't get around. She'd get around she'd try, but it wasn't like it used to be. Boy, she was keen on that. She'd never get lost, she mapped them directions better than I do. I remember one time we were out there north of Stillwater, on what we call the west side. Now, when I say west side, we turn

off before we get to Stillwater and turn left, you know, and follow that that's the west side of the slough area and then you get down through Kent's and you're on the east side. So that's the only way - when we say, well, I went down on the west side, well, we know approximately where you went and I know one time we went down on the west side and we got out in there and I don't know, the weather never seemed to bother us very much, it didn't look very good but we'd go anyway and we was out this day trudging around and pretty soon we heard a little storm coming in from the southwest - sleet and snow and it got pretty heavy. She come over the hill and I says, by golly, I says, I think we'd better head back toward the car - I didn't even have a jeep then, just had a car. Nellie says, "can you tell where it's at?" Couldn't see one hundred feet ahead of you hardly. Well, I says, I could see - well, we got a - what we call Blue Mountain here and this range of hills up here and I said I got Blue Mountain spotted, but here's what threw me this is a good one. That storm come in, it got to twisting like this and we had the storm at our back, so we just kept with the storm at our back and the result was we were going away from the car, instead of going to it - it was the other way, the car was over this way and we were turning this way and that storm come around and kept at our back and finally it cleared up and I seen that reindeer over there and I thought, God, is that Blue Mountain? God no, that didn't look right, so it got cleared enough I seen that big pole sticking up out there and I said, oh brother, we've been going away from the car all the time. Then we got back there and we probably went two miles in the opposite direction, Then we got to following that road and followed it right on down. I've seen that and even over on - a wind storm comes in there, boy, I'm telling you, you can't tell one direction from

another, because you can't see anything and the storm comes in from some direction, you figure that's a south or southwestern storm, when often times it will swing around this other way and you'll swing with it instead of going toward it, you go away from it. I'm going to tell a good one on myself down on the big flat one time. We were down there as usual and Jefferson's and Nicolarsen's - they were down below us there. They used to come down, they'd go down and stay overnight. They had their trailer houses and we'd go down, of course, through the day and we'd be hunting below there and we'd come back when it was getting dark at night and of course, naturally we chewed the rag and one thing and another and I knew the road out. But in the meantime, I was doing pretty good kind of west of there and I see this big truck coming - take a truck or anything coming, you can't tell what it is. You can't tell if it's moving or not, but it'll get bigger and bigger and bigger and then I could see it was a car, I thought it was just a car, but it happened to be a big Navy truck. They stopped and they wanted to know if I'd found a live bomb around there and I says, no, I've not seen anything like that around. Well somebody, and I knew who did it too, somebody reported that he'd seen a live bomb down there and this truck was sent down there to see if they could locate it, you see and they told me - well, I wouldn't touch it anyway, but they told me if you see one, don't go near it, don't touch it, 'cause it's live and she might trigger off and that'd be it. No, I hadn't seen it, so they went on by, then I seen them swing back, go off the flat, back upon the hills. Well, where we were camped, where Nicolarsen was camped, it was getting dark and they had the lights on this is a good one - the Navy truck I knew was off of the - up on the upper road there almost up against the hills and when I was pulling out, away from

Nicolarsen's camp, I was going due south, and I seen I thought that those trucks were driving along the road and I could see those lights and Nellie kept telling me, says, "you're going wrong, you're going wrong" - no I'm not I says, those trucks they can tell where they're at and those trucks was Nicolarsen's lights and I was swinging right into them. Well, I'll tell you that got me. I knew she was right but I was right too. My God - so funny one of them a pick-up come up and stopped me and wanted to know where I was going and I was headed the other direction and it was those damn trucks that I thought I could see. When we got going I swung to my left too far swung around and I could see those lights that I thought was those damn trucks. Yea, I says, that's old wrong direction Luke I says. I never forgot that, yea we'd joke about that.

WINNEMUCCA AND PYRAMID LAKE AREAS

It was before, or about during the war. I guess I had been there prior to that, but not working in caves. I did all of my cave diggin' over in Winnemucca Lake, over on what we called the west side of the lake. I worked in several caves there and we had pretty fair luck, of course as an amateur we didn't do too well. We, well, actually what they call caves is an overhang. Well, this one cave that I worked in apparently some time in the past, part of the overhang had broke off and fell down in front, so then they had to go around, in behind it. But that's far enough and quite a floor in there and we dug that up pretty well and a good part of my artifacts, that is what I got from a cave, came from there. Oh, there was several other places that we worked in, any time that we would spot something that looked likely why we went into it and we didn't know how to go about anything, we just started diggin' and of course I do know that you can't find anything on the surface, you have to dig down, oh quite a ways, from eight, ten inches to a foot. Well that guano on top, of course covers that up, you got to get that off and then when you get

down to solid footing well that's where they lived and that's where we used to hunt around. Then I'd go through that sometimes maybe a foot or so out, I went down as far as four feet deep, straight down and worked around and every one of those was a different level that probably represented different ages and different times.

Now that one big basket I've got in there with the end gone, that come out of that cave that I mentioned with the top that had broke off. I had got down quite a ways in there and we picked up quite a few articles and probably destroyed... we never tried to destroy, but when you're workin' in there and your, well, not the way a professional would be that's for sure, but we never thought of it much any other way. We were look'in for artifacts and I got down quite a ways and I, oh I guess that was at least two or three feet, probably three feet below the original surface, we cleaned that all off and we went down. Right straight down and I hit this basket, of course when I seen what it was, then we got pretty careful, got the dirt all around it and it was full of dirt

of course, but it was all intact. Complete, even the cap was still on it and then I could see what had happened. Sometime in the past, whether that it was purposely done or not, that is by the tenant who ever lived in the cave, there had been a fire and that back end had been burnt. Well of course, when I got the dirt all out and got to taken it off it got punctured, that back just disintegrated, fell off. I couldn't put it together. I don't think anybody could, it just fell apart. It had been burnt of course. Well, that's one of the instances. Ah, we worked in other little places here and there. We worked, now speaking of these caves, this was particularly off of the old original road that used to follow around the edge of the.., well quite a ways off from the shoreline, quite a ways up and then it was the old original trail, of course the new highway that goes to clear out to Gerlach. That's a good road, but this wasn't, this is considerably off the road and actually up above there considerably. Well, there was another place, we went off the road and went down closer to the lake. Oh it varied, gosh, there was all kinds of areas in there you could work a lifetime in there if you wanted to and ah, this one place quite a tufa formation covered it all up in the original rock and the tufa, lime had built up over it for centuries probably and there was an opening, a very small opening, so I got out and opened it up so I could go in there. A very foolish thing to do, but I did. I did a lot of those foolish things and by golly, it opened up into a pretty good size cavern and then I could see that I was right in where ah they lived, pretty much as it was originally. I think that's the one I found that shoe in, that slipper, or shoe, or whatever it is. We were diggin' around in there and I don't know, got pieces of arrows and got... Pee Wee Ellis, I guess you wouldn't know him. Leonard Ellis was his name, we called him Pee Wee, he ah... we all were workin in there pretty good

and you know it was hard to work because we would work around and then we would have to throw the dirt out to the opening. Well it got to the point where we had to clear that all out of course. Well the old original living quarters was there, we didn't have to clear much dirt we didn't their ah, grass and stuff they had there, but he found an arrow with the head on it. The feathers weren't there, it was broke off, but it had a good head on it. Well so much for that, that was his find. And then another time when we got to going through there we found a human tooth, molar I guess, a big tooth, it had a hole drilled through it. Oh, Pee Wee was interested and yet he'd go on the outside and he was pretty good shot with a twenty-two rifle, you could throw a can or bottle up in the air and he could knock it off just like that and he was interested in doing that and he'd go back and dig. Several other places we worked in and some of them probably could have been worked a lot more. Buy what stymied it that time was during the war and I just had a car and by golly I was afraid of breaking a tire... you couldn't get a tire, even a used tire, of course, a new one was impossible. It was awful hard to get a used tire if you wanted one. By golly I got a little leery about that, I did have a spare but I thought, I don't know whether it's worth while now to go run out there and have to stay out there, I wouldn't have a tire or nothin' if I happened to blow one, which would be very possible, so we kinda slowed up for awhile then, oh I couldn't get away from it though I, we'd hunt and in that area, oh we found quite a little bit around there different times and then this particular cave that I mentioned, where the top had fell over, there was a kind of a point that hit down from the main part of the hill and dumped off almost straight. Where we worked in principally was on what we called the north side of that and then I went

around on the opposite side and we saw we had quite a lot of indications there, well what somebody, oh I don't know, shepherd's or what, they built a rock foundation in there, a wall, right on top of what we wanted to work in and well, we didn't want to do too much diggin' there. I got one big platter, oh a great big one - It's out there. I had a devil of a time gettin' it down to the car, but I did, but I got that out of there and oh, various things I can't recall particularly, I know one time, up on the shelf a little ways, a lot of times there would be a rats nest or somethin' up there and it will build up and you pull them down and rats they'll pick up stuff and often times you'll find drills and things in there that they put up there. We had found stuff in there... well I pulled this one down, that day and I pulled a rattlesnake right down on top of me. Oh, I should have know better, well, I, he was there all right and I just got it and pulled it down and ding, well, I moved out and so did the snake pretty fast. Funny the foolish things we do. Any particular thing, any particular cave, other than what I mentioned, there was other smaller places and every one of them you could find indications of where they'd lived and of course some of those lime caves you work in them and it takes you about a week to get rid of the dust that you inhale. Of course that big place, up on top of that hill there I probably mentioned to you, I didn't know that's what it was but I had an idea, oh Nicolarsen was with me that time and I brought him up there and I told him, I says, all the indications look to me like those rocks had been thrown into that crevice. And I guess I was right, but I didn't want to get in there. I just about had all the cave diggin' I wanted to start with and of course if I'd seen any place that had the prospects why I'd work in it some way or another, in a crude way naturally, but most of it, or practically all of it was on the

Winnemucca Lake side, I think they camped pretty much on the Winnemucca Lake side because that was a shallow lake and they lived off of birds that lived in the shallows you know, and oh, we found a few places..., oh yeh, quite a few places where we found indications, campsites, we did pretty good for awhile. I don't know, it seemed like after I got out there, then we wouldn't go out-there'd be some one else messing around. Which of course they had just as perfect a right as I did and of course, later on I knew very well that it was against the law, well I found that out over here. I worked on these caves on Grimes Point, fact I was over in there long before..., that they ever thought about caves there. We never thought much about them either at that time.

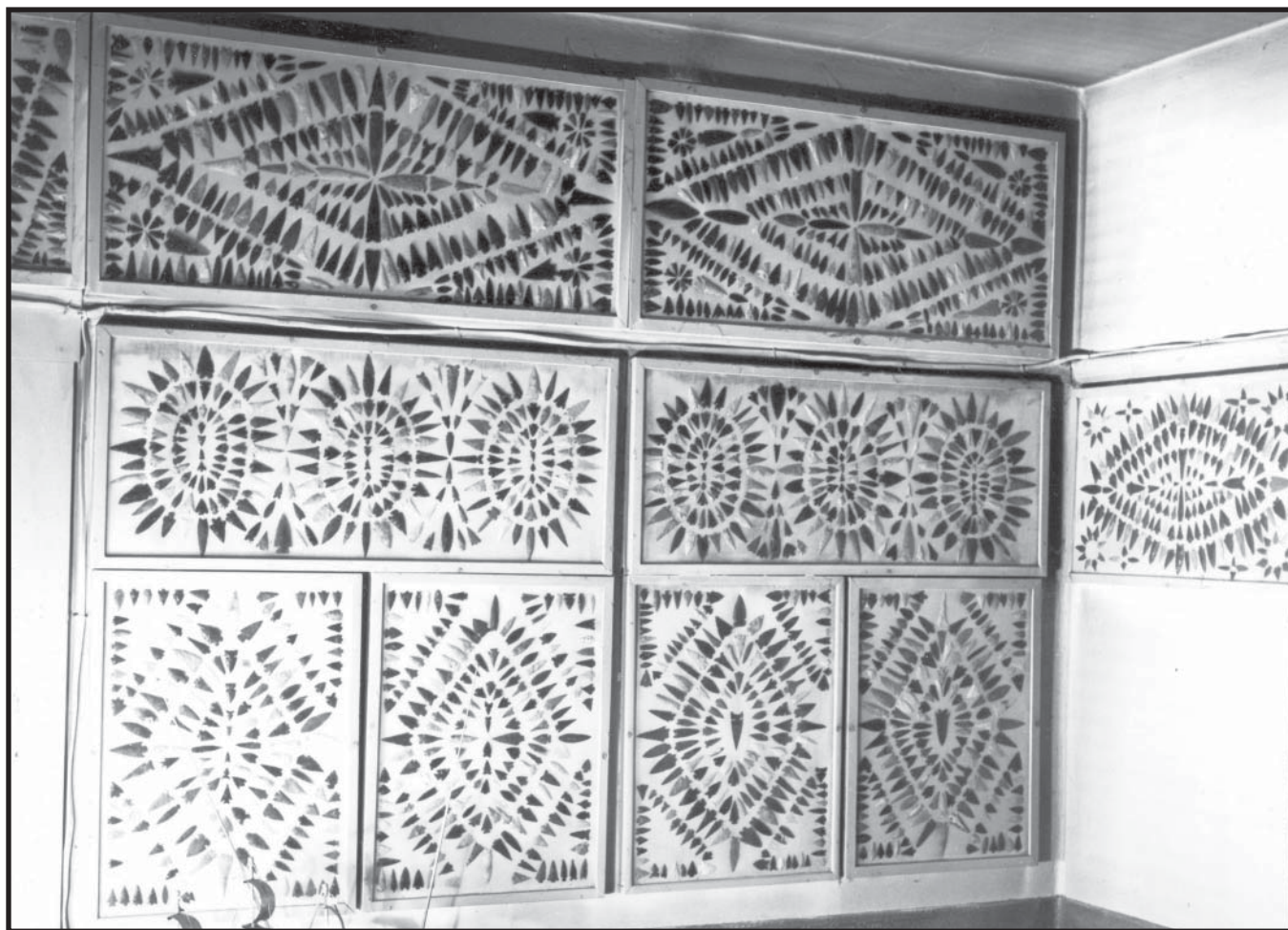
Pyramid Lake - we hunted in one or two places there that was pretty good - that's about the only - couple or three times there we hunted and we did pretty good there in a couple of good places. If you go to Winnemucca Lake, before you get to Nixon you, turn, If you're going to turn you have to keep to the left and go around on the other side, that's the west side. You can't get very far on the east side, you can go so far and then those banks are really vertical - there's no - well, I've been as far as I could get there, but to my knowledge, I don't know that there's any way you can get around, all the way around on the east side of Pyramid Lake, that I know of.

We at first did all of our hunting at Winnemucca Lake, that always was by far the best Indian camp. I'll tell you the reason. That was a shallow lake and the Indians lived around a shallow lake because fish and birds and game like that was easier to get. You take a deep lake like Pyramid, they couldn't get out in it, it was deep water. Maybe a little along the shore line, but Winnemucca, always was - it was a shallow lake. It was an overflow from

the Truckee that went around and formed a lake on the other side, It was just a big flat there, 'course it's been dry for years, one reason is that there's no way for the water to get there because when they passed Nixon and went up that hill, those sloughs used to go into Winnemucca Lake, there's no way to let the water get through there, it just won't get down there that's all, and never will now. You follow that slough all the way down before you get to Winnemucca Lake along that slough, there's some pretty good Indian writing in there - they used to go down, see that old slough took off north of Nixon, follow along the edge of the hill on to this Winnemucca Lake area. Now, we used to follow that slough all the way down through as far as we could, and there was camp sites all along there and I know up above there - I hit one cave up in there where I found what looked like - it looked like it had been a saddle. Now where it came from, I never knew, of course but they'd throwed a lot of rocks in on top of it, pretty badly deteriorated, so some Indian or somebody got hold of that saddle and cached it up in that kind of an open mouthed cave and anything like that I went into and got to clearing those rocks away, I seen what that was pretty badly shot. God knows who put it there or who originated it and then, down beyond there, there's some sand hills and there was some pretty good camp sites in there. I found some pretty good stuff there, just before you went down towards the lake, but you can't get in there no more. That's all private property now. Well, we did pretty good there, several good places in there. Like a lot of the country now, it's fenced off, private property, keep out. Across from there, I don't know whether that's fenced in or not, or whether they went that far up - there's a set-up down there I was down along close to

the river and that's when Nellie found that water jug, she come shaking that around, she says, "I been looking for this for years"! Well, she said it was up under a ledge of rock and looked like they'd buried it and she, oh God, she could spot things, I'll tell you.

PHOTOGRAPHS



Some of Mr. George Luke's collection of Indian artifacts

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